

American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

March 1945



Hail and Farewell

FOR almost twenty years I have had the fun of planning the two magazines for members of the American Junior Red Cross. The February issue was the 175th issue of the NEWS that I have planned. It is also the last one I shall get out because my heart is sort of tired and I must take a long rest.

In bidding you good-bye, I want to say a little about what real membership in the Red Cross means. For one thing, it means enlistment under "humanity's flag." There is a Red Cross organization in every civilized country on earth. Its basic idea is that, as its founder, young Henri Dunant, said long ago, "All men are brothers."

Do you sometimes hear older people say, "You can't change human nature"? They usually mean that human beings are incurably selfish and greedy and unkind and dishonest and a lot of other mean things. That's nonsense! In the first place, human nature is being changed for better or worse all the time and by all sorts of means. In the second place, human nature also has a lot of noble traits. One of the finest of these traits makes human beings all over the earth say, "We believe that 'all men are brothers.' We believe that we have responsibilities one to another. We want to help those in deep distress, wherever they may be. So we offer our money and our time and our work and our thought to the Red Cross, and ask it to act for us in behalf of others." In other words, there's a glorious spirit in human beings everywhere that keeps up the Red Cross to give practical effect to the feeling of good will towards men.

Therefore, being a young member of the Red Cross means a lot more than just giving money for the enrollment fee or the Service Fund or the National Children's Fund. It means more than sending things to children in hospitals or exchanging correspondence with schools in our own and other lands. It means more than making things to cheer hospitalized servicemen and women; more than sending gift boxes or candy or school supplies or garments or shoes to children in war-ravaged countries. All these material things are useful and helpful. They represent time and money and work. But actually they aren't worth much unless the right spirit goes with them. Everything you do or give in the name of the Red Cross should be given with

this idea in mind: "Since 'all men are brothers,' we have responsibilities to one another. I am giving this as part of my responsibility."

And here's another thing about the Red Cross with its millions of members young and old, not only in the United States but all over the world: It doesn't believe in looking down on anyone because of his color or race or religion or nationality. No person is born with a prejudice against another because of his skin color or his creed or his race or his nation. Such prejudice is a vicious disease of character that is caught from others. A real member of the Red Cross will work hard to rid himself of this disease. After all, this sort of poison does the most harm to the person who carries it about in his system. The great Booker T. Washington once said, "I will allow no man to degrade me by making me hate him."

Do you sometimes have to squirm while a speaker coos about your being "young citizens and members of the Red Cross of tomorrow"? That's more nonsense. From the day you are born you are citizens not only of your country but of "one world." When you join the Junior Red Cross you become a young member of the Red Cross of *today*. And you make yourself responsible for upholding its ideals both now and in the future.

Far too many older people can't seem to wake up to the fact that nowadays we are living in "one world" inhabited by one race, the human race. Such people can't help much in the hard years ahead, the years after the war is over and the peace is yet to be won. But wideawake young people—and millions of them are members of the Red Cross, we are glad to say—know that no treaty, no organization of the United Nations, can ever bring an end to the savagery and waste and stupidity of war unless it is founded on the idea of "one world" and made in the interest of the whole human race.

Young citizens of the world, young members of the Red Cross, you have a great responsibility. It is your business, now and in the years to come, to uphold the idea that "all men are brothers" and to strive with might and main to make our "one world" a better and a happier place for the one human race that dwells upon it.

Go to it and God bless you!

Ellen M. Bryce Brown

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

March • 1945

Tutu and the Sergeant

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL

Illustration by Ann Eshner Jaffe

THE SUN rose out of the broad Pacific, and gradually the darkness faded from the harbor of Pago-Pago* to reveal ships lying at anchor. At first they seemed asleep, deserted, but as the light grew brighter, men standing watch at the antiaircraft guns became visible on the top decks; ready at any moment to open fire if Japanese planes should suddenly appear in the sky overhead.

Then a bugle sounded, followed by the shrilling of the boatswain's pipe, and a loud voice shouted, "Sweepers, man your brooms! Clean sweepdown fore and aft!" In a moment barefooted sailors, their trousers rolled to the knee, appeared on all the ships. Some carried pails, some dragged long hoses, others had long-handled swabs. Water swished over the decks and gurgled in the scuppers. In half an hour everything was beautifully clean and shipshape. The sailors went below for morning chow.

Ashore, not far off, was the long row of houses which made up the town, and behind the houses were the trees and hills of the jungle. A couple of miles inland, hidden in the trees for safety, stood the new buildings of an Army hospital. There, too, a bugle had just sounded, and at the signal the Stars and

Stripes rose to the top of a flagpole while the few soldiers in sight stood at salute.

Close to the hospital was a grass hut. A Samoan boy was sleeping there. He woke when the bugle sounded, slipped on his scanty clothing and trotted over to the tent where the guards slept. A sergeant was building a fire outside, getting ready to prepare breakfast for his men. He looked up. "Morning, Tutu." The boy saluted, standing very straight. "Good morning, Sergeant Joe. I have come to help."

Every morning for months Tutu had done the same thing. Now he carried more wood to the fire, brought water for the coffee, opened cans of milk, set out a box of sugar. Meanwhile Sergeant Joe had put two big skillets over the fire, on an iron grid. In one he was cooking bacon and eggs, in the other, crisp pancakes. "Get the molasses, Tutu," he called, "and wake those lazy GIs over there."

Tutu brought the molasses jug and then went to the tent. He pulled aside the flap and looked in. The soldiers were all asleep in their cots, each under a mosquito net. Tutu put his hands up to his mouth and shouted at the top of his voice, "Come and get it!"

Groaning and yawning with sleepiness, they climbed out of the cots, pulled on shirts and

* Pronounced pahnn'-go, pahnn'-go.

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trousers and went outside to wash in the enamel basins set on a bench. Then they lined up by the fire, each with his mess tin, white enamel cup, and knife, fork and spoon. Tutu poured coffee into the cups, adding sugar and milk, while Sergeant Joe dished out oatmeal, bacon and eggs and hot cakes. Last of all he filled Tutu's own particular mess tin and his own.

It was a leisurely breakfast. The sergeant and his men sat on empty boxes, but Tutu squatted on his heels, listening so eagerly to everything they were saying that he almost forgot to eat. When everyone had finished, each dipped his cup and mess tin first into a bucket of soapy water, scrubbing them with a stiff brush, and then into another bucket, filled with hot rinse water.

During the months that Tutu had helped them at their work he had grown very fond of these American soldiers. They often gave him chocolate bars and chewing gum, and taught him games. They showed him pictures of their homes and of their wives and mothers and children. Of all the men he liked Sergeant Joe the best. The sergeant had taught him how to speak good English, for Tutu's parents had never learned any other language than their native Polynesian dialect. The sergeant used to show him pictures of his little boy, just about Tutu's age, and tell stories about him. "Joe-Junior" was the boy's name. He liked to play baseball, and Sergeant Joe was teaching Tutu how to play, too. Joe-Junior went to a big school in a city called San Francisco.

Whenever Sergeant Joe got a letter from home, Tutu would watch him read it, and when he had finished, ask: "What has Joe-Junior been doing now?" Today, after breakfast, there was a mail call, and sure enough, Sergeant Joe had a big fat letter. As he read it, Tutu watched his face; first smiling with anticipation, then serious, then worried and at last very sad. For a moment Tutu even thought he saw tears in the sergeant's eyes. "Is anything the matter?" he asked softly.

"Yes, Tutu, Joe-Junior's very sick. He's

got infantile paralysis. Maybe he'll never be able to play baseball again. You run along now; I'm going to the Red Cross to ask them to send a cable for me. I've got to find out how he is. This letter was written two weeks ago."

Tutu went sadly back to the hut. He wished he could do something to make his friend Sergeant Joe happy again. He helped his mother gather bananas to sell to the ships, and then got out the boat that he was making. It was a model of his father's outrigger canoe, in which he went fishing. For many weeks Tutu had been working on it, hollowing out the red-and-white wood for the canoe itself, carving the outriggers and then fastening them to the side with tiny sticks, lashed with twisted grass. It was almost finished now.

He knew that it was well-made, and that he would easily be able to sell it to some sailor from the ships. They would pay as much as five dollars for a souvenir like that, and with the five dollars he could buy a shiny new knife to use instead of the old broken blade he had been using. With a new knife he could carve better boats, and cut down the bunches of bananas for his mother and . . . lots of things. It would have a tan leather sheath, and he would hang it from the web belt that the sergeant had given him. It would look beautiful beside the shiny brass belt buckle.

But even thinking of the new knife, Tutu wasn't happy. He kept thinking of Joe-Junior, and how awful it would be for him not to be able to play baseball any more, perhaps not even to walk. He started carving a name on the prow of the boat. "Samoa" was the word, the name of the island group. In native language it meant "Sacred Bird" because the Samoans believed that all the islands in the group were eggs, laid by a gigantic bird many years ago.

Now the canoe was finished. He would take it down to Pago-Pago right away. The man who had the knife to sell lived close to the wharf. Yet Tutu hesitated. There was a new thought in his mind. His brow wrinkled; then





a smile spread over his brown face and he nodded his head vigorously. Carrying the outrigger canoe carefully he went over to the tent again. The sergeant was just returning from Red Cross headquarters in the hospital. He looked a little less sad, but still worried.

"The Red Cross is sending the cable," he said. "They're going to let me know just as soon as the answer comes. What have you got there, Tutu?" Tutu held it out. "It's for Joe-Junior. I want you to send it to him."

Sergeant Joe took the boat carefully in his hands. "Why, it's beautiful!" he said. "Say, there's a plane going back to the States this afternoon. I know the pilot; he comes from San Francisco, too. I'm going to ask him to take it with him, in a box. That'll be much quicker than by mail. Thanks, Tutu; that's going to do Joe-Junior a lot of good."

The next morning when the bugle sounded Tutu ran over to the tent faster than usual. "Any news?" he called as soon as he came in sight of Sergeant Joe.

"No, not yet."

They were eating breakfast when the Red Cross Field Director walked over from the hospital. The sergeant jumped up and went to meet him, followed by Tutu. "Got good news for you, Sergeant. The cable just came in. The San Francisco Red Cross people report that the boy's out of danger. He won't lose the use of his arms or legs at all. He ought to be right as rain in a couple of months. He sends his love to his dad, and so does his mother."

Sergeant Joe's voice sounded unusually husky when he thanked the Red Cross man, and he didn't come back to the fire and his breakfast for several minutes; just stood looking out toward the sea with a happy look on his face.

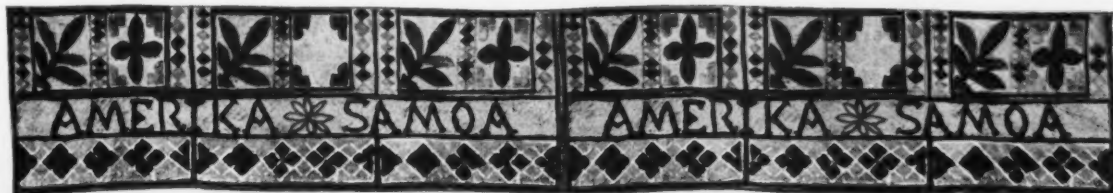
A month later he came over to Tutu's hut one afternoon. The boy was carving another outrigger canoe, but the rusty blade was pretty badly chipped, and he was having trouble making the sides smooth and even. "Got a letter from Joe-Junior," called the Sergeant. "He got the boat all right. He says,

'Gee, the boat is swell! Tell Tutu thanks a lot. When I go back to school next week I'm going to show it to everyone in the class and tell them who made it for me. I'm sending Tutu a present.'"



"Is anything the matter, Sergeant Joe?" asked Tutu softly.

Sergeant Joe reached in the pocket of his blouse and took out a long thin package. "The present came," he said, "so I brought it over." Hands trembling with excitement, Tutu unwrapped it. He gasped with joy as he saw what the stiff paper contained: a shiny, graceful knife in a tan leather sheath!



The Real Robinson Crusoe

EVELYN STRONG

IN THE little fishing town of Largo, Fifeshire, Scotland, stands the statue of the eighteenth century sailor who made the town famous. Out of the niche where his statue is placed, he looks down at the public with a scornful and faraway expression in his eyes. This is Alexander Selkirk, the real Robinson Crusoe.

His story begins like many legends and fairy tales, for he was the seventh son of a poor cobbler in Largo. He was a stubborn, silent child, who liked to be by himself. His brothers knocked him about a good deal and teased him. Then he fought them back with a sarcastic tongue and puny fists. All his brothers' worn-out and patched clothes came Alexander's way. If he had any possessions of his own, it was because the older boys were done with them. And at night he slept in a bed with two of the other children.

When Alexander was in his teens he yawned one Sunday at meeting in the Presbyterian Kirk. It was a long and dull sermon, and young Selkirk yawned not once but many times. After meeting, he was called before the elders of the Kirk and very severely reprimanded. That settled the resolution which had been brewing in his mind for some time. He ran away to sea.

Six years later, Alexander Selkirk, now a grown man, came back to Largo and his family. The visit was not a happy one. His brothers forgot that he had been around the world and sailed the seven seas. They remembered only the days of their childhood and that here was Sandy, as they called him, their younger brother, to tease and browbeat.

A little of this treatment went a long way,

and Selkirk again left his family. This time he shipped as Sailing Master of the galleon *Cinque Ports* (Five Ports) with ninety-six guns, under the command of Captain William Dampier. And though he knew it not, Selkirk sailed away into immortality.

Captain Dampier was a harsh taskmaster. The *Cinque Ports* leaked badly. The crew, wretchedly fed and accommodated, worked to death and flogged, led a miserable life. Selkirk remonstrated with the captain about af-

fairs on board and about the general mismanagement. Relations between the two men were soon strained to the utmost. Selkirk's discontent infected the crew, and a mutiny was brewing.

All day long Selkirk brooded about the plight of the ship and one night he had a dream. In this dream he saw the *Cinque Ports* sinking with all on board. Then he decided to leave the old leaky tub at the very next landing place. This proved to be the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of what is now Chile.

Captain Dampier was glad to be rid of

the troublemaker. He provided Selkirk with a sea chest, clothes, bedding, firelock, one pound of gunpowder, a bag of bullets, flint and steel to make a fire, tobacco, a hatchet, a knife and some mathematical instruments, also a Bible and Psalter.

No sooner was Selkirk set ashore and watching the ship weigh anchor, than he repented. He waded out to sea, shouting that he had changed his mind. But it was too late. With something like despair in his heart, Selkirk watched the ship spread her sails and gradually disappear from sight. Had he but known it, his choice was a wise

Believe It or Not—

If Robinson Crusoe and his faithful man Friday were to return to their desert island today, they would get a big surprise. What would they find? They would find a Junior Red Cross group such as you have in your own country. . . . Today the Juan Fernandez group of islands is inhabited by poor fishermen. Up till 1927 no doctor lived there. At that time the Chilean Red Cross sent a mission to start its health work among the people, and that is when Junior Red Cross began, too.

—Louis Francon, from "The Junior Red Cross in Queensland"

one. For Alexander Selkirk had dreamed true. A few months later, the *Cinque Ports* was wrecked.

The island was a pleasant, well-wooded place. There were neither men nor savage animals there. All day long birds sang in the chonta palms. Tiny hummingbirds darted from flower to flower, and the warm air was fragrant with the smell of sandalwood and pimento trees.

But for a long time the castaway was in no mood to enjoy the beauties of Juan Fernandez. For eight months, Selkirk lived in a state of constant panic and terror. He roamed the island, talking to himself for the sake of hearing a human voice. His terror and loneliness brought him to the verge of suicide. His home was a cave, whose entrance he barricaded with thorny bushes. Here he lay awake at night shivering and trembling, listening to the constant barking, growling and yelping of the seals and sea lions down on the beach. This uproar could be heard a mile inland.

Gradually, however, Selkirk's nerves calmed and he set about making the best of things. He cut his name in trees and a notch for every day that passed. He sang psalms, or recited parts of the Bible at the top of his lungs. There was no lack of food, once he had learned how to provide for himself. Fish and delicious lobsters swarmed in the waters about the island. There was fruit—wild plums, oranges and limes. Turnips, cabbages and watercress had been planted by visiting sailors for the benefit of others who might come to Juan Fernandez. Most of all, Selkirk missed salt, but there was a black pepper, very hot, which he used as seasoning.

The Spaniards who had discovered the island, had left flocks of goats, which now were very numerous. Selkirk shot these for food. When he had neither gunpowder nor bullets



Selkirk talked to his cats and goats so as not to lose the power of speech. He even danced with them and taught them tricks

left, he learned to run so fast he outdistanced the goats and caught them with his bare hands. Many he kept and tamed, greatly enjoying their milk. Others he slaughtered, and provided himself with roast meat and a savory broth.

Becoming more enterprising, Selkirk left his dark cave and built two huts of branches thatched with palm leaves. In one hut he slept on goatskins. In the other he cooked and ate. But he was plagued with uninvited guests. Rats in armies stole his food, ran over him as he slept and nibbled at his feet. Fortunately there were also on the island hordes of cats, who had come ashore from ships which had touched there. Selkirk caught

some kittens. He soon tamed them by feeding and petting, so, as he said, "they might teach the rats manners." After a while, he had hundreds of these pets. He talked to his cats and goats, so as not to lose the gift of speech. He danced with them and taught them tricks. All his terror of the wilderness vanished. He had so much to do that the days passed rapidly. The only accident that happened to him was when he chased a goat and fell over a precipice. The animal's body broke his fall and saved his life, but Selkirk lay for three days unconscious before he could crawl to his hut on all fours.

Every day Selkirk climbed a high point of land and looked for ships. At last he was rewarded. In the distance he saw an English vessel. He lighted signal fires, and when the crew landed, Selkirk was there to meet them. Captain Woods Rogers, master of the ship *Duke*, described his first sight of Alexander Selkirk:

"Our pinnace returned from the shore and brought abundance of crawfish, with a man clothed in goatskins, who looked wilder than
(Concluded on page 130)



COURTESY OF FOREST SERVICE, U. S. D. A.

RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

BROTHER SQUIRREL knows that the forest fire is "another enemy to conquer." Not only the squirrel's home is endangered. The U. S. Forest Service says: "Each year carelessly started forest fires destroy enough timber to build 215,000 five-room homes." "CARELESSLY,"—not mischievously, not on purpose. Almost everyone who lets a fire start would say "I didn't mean to."

The didn't-mean-to fires are caused by travelers on business and people having fun. Someone tosses a still lighted match or still smoldering cigarette into dry grass or underbrush, or neglects to put the picnic fire out thoroughly. Farmers and Victory Gardeners, working hard to raise food for us, burn off grass and old underbrush, and when nobody is watching or before anybody can stop it a big wasteful fire is under way. In spring this problem is important in most eastern and southern states and in northern Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri and Ohio.

There are other ways of measuring this waste besides computing the number of new

Forest fires endanger life; so do floods. When forests are burned, floods often follow because the trees no longer drink up the rains. The dog below was rescued during a recent flood

houses that might be built with the lost lumber. To fight fires that occur in one average year takes 970,000 man days: enough to build and put into the sky 800 fighter planes. Timber lost through fires is an essential war material. "Every naval vessel from the log battleship of the *North Carolina* class to the small mine sweeper depends on wood," ac-

ording to Rear Admiral E. L. Cochrane. In one year, according to another authority, the United States used more wood than steel in its wartime activities—120,000,000 tons of wood as against 100,000,000 tons of steel. That was in 1942. In 1943 it was estimated that the production of lumber fell four billion board-feet below needs. It was no time to be burning up raw lumber through carelessness.

Preventing trouble through being careful may seem less heroic than risking your life to overcome a disaster that you let happen, through carelessness. But nothing that saves lives is dull. The more imagination a person has the further ahead he looks in the adventure of saving lives. Some of the long distance reasons that forest fires are "another enemy to conquer" are that the conservation of soil and prevention of floods and drought are related to production of food for national welfare. If you have a good imagination (and practically everybody has one) you can look up at the trees and think: "If I save you from burning, I am saving lives of people, too."

American Red Cross workers are shown below putting chickens, rescued from flooded farms, into a pen where they will be fed and cared for until claimed by their owners



Animals in Flood Disasters

PATTIE MEAD GRIESEMER

IN FLOODS in recent years special effort has been made to save farm animals because they represent an important part of our food for victory—meat and dairy products. Not only has there been greater need to save animals than ever, but there have been more animals to be saved because more are being raised for this wartime need. Many types of boats have been used to rescue the animals—rafts, barges, amphibian jeeps, called “seeps,” and landing boats loaned by the Army. Thousands of animals have been taken from the flooded farms to high ground corrals where the American Red Cross has provided emergency feeding.

Animals entered “two by two” when Noah’s Ark rescued them from the floods. On these two pages are photographs showing animals in floods which have happened in recent years. They do not march in step. They are frightened. They do not understand and are apt not to help their rescuers at all.

It is difficult to get a drove of mud-slippery hogs from the bank of a rising river onto a raft. From baby pigs to grown hogs, they all seem to want to go the wrong direction unless their very noses are in a trough of food.

Rescuing a hundred pigs that had climbed up a haystack to escape drowning proved a hard job. A jeep took the rescuers to the haystack island where they were greeted with squeals of delight and grunts of welcome. Countless trips were made taking the young ones off—but that was easy compared with rescuing the mother pigs who weighed from 400 to 500 pounds and were not polite or helpful.

A pig solved a mystery when repairs for a roof were charged to damage done in a flood. How could the flood be the cause of the hole in the roof when water had not reached it? The answer was that a huge pig had been washed up onto the roof by the flood and had eaten rows of composition shingles to keep from starving.

When people are being moved to safety, pets are taken along if possible. On one occasion when a boat was too full for pet passengers, one small boy tucked his puppy under his coat. He kept the stowaway a secret, but that night, sound asleep in an American Red

Cross shelter, he rolled over on the dog, and it was not a secret any longer.

During the Mississippi flood of 1937, a dog hospital had to be established in Memphis for the pets of refugees. After danger passed, owners claimed their pets, but one beautiful Spitz was not called for. A new home was found for her. Her old master and his two sons felt badly when they came back to Memphis and could not trace “Queenie.” They did not give up hope but hunted for Queenie, street by street, every time they came to Memphis. Nine months later they saw their dog—Queenie saw them! With a dash across a lawn and over a fence, Queenie was in her master’s arms and even her devoted new owners said, “That is where Queenie belongs.”

When rising waters bring danger either with warning as in a slowly rising flood, or without warning as in a flash flood, first thought is to rescue human beings, but who wants to leave a pet behind or who wants to lose carefully reared farm animals, or who can be indifferent to the fright of wild animals, whose safe world of the forest seems to be sinking?

So the American Red Cross Disaster Service always tries to save animals, and many stories and pictures come out of these experiences.



The game wardens at right rounded up a herd of fifteen deer, rescued by boat from flood waters, and are here shown roping them for a safe trip to higher ground

The Real Robinson Crusoe

(Continued from page 127)

the first owners of them. He had been on the island four years and four months. At his first coming on board with us, he had so much forgot his language for want of use that we could scarce understand him. He seemed to speak his words by halves."

Selkirk gladly returned to England with Captain Rogers in 1711. But he was in no hurry to visit his family. He had £800 prize money to spend, his share of the gold looted from a Spanish ship on the way home. Much fame came to Selkirk because of Captain Rogers' book, "A Cruising Voyage Around the World" published in 1712. Selkirk was urged to write up his experiences on Juan Fernandez. To this he replied that he was a sailor and not a writer, and would not know how to go about it.

At this time he was staying at Bristol in a boarding house kept by Mrs. Damaris Daniel. Here he was interviewed for magazines by four different people. Among them was Richard Steele, a famous writer and magazine editor. And here he met the journalist, Daniel Defoe.

Defoe was specially in need of money at that time. He wanted to amass a good dowry for his favorite daughter, Hannah, who was the only one of his daughters still unmarried. There were four published accounts of Alexander Selkirk and two "narratives of his life." Only Defoe's has survived.

On April 23, 1719, the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe" was published under the title of "Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, Written by Himself." Many publishers had seen and rejected the manuscript as being "too fanciful," before it was at last accepted. The publisher, William Taylor, cleared a thousand

pounds from it. Defoe wrote a sequel, describing Robinson Crusoe's life as the father of a family, but this was a complete failure. Few people today have ever heard of it.

At last Selkirk decided to return to Largo on a visit to his family, who had long ago given him up for dead. News traveled slowly in those days, and to this remote fishing village it did not travel at all. One Sunday, when everyone was at church, in walked Selkirk as if nothing had happened and took his place in the pew with his brothers.

The meeting was thrown into an uproar. A woman, the first to catch sight of Selkirk, screamed and fainted, believing him to be a ghost. The minister stopped in the middle of a sentence and stared open-mouthed. One of his brother's wives furtively touched Selkirk's sleeve to see if he were real.

Naturally, everyone for miles around wanted to meet and talk with Selkirk, but he hid himself from curious ones in a cave, which he had hastily constructed in the garden. Someone said of him at this time, "He seemed always as if lost in thought." Someone else remarked that he looked *through* a person and never *at* them. He often declared that he regretted his return to civilization. Much of his time was spent in solitary rambles along the seashore, or in the fields. Quarrels with his family were frequent, and Selkirk left Largo as suddenly as he had come.

He revisited London, Bristol and Liverpool and lost something of the look of wildness. But he was never happy and longed for Juan Fernandez. He made up his mind to return and finish his days there in peace. But he never lived to carry out this intention. On the way there he was taken with a fever and died at sea in 1723.

Gordon Thinks for Himself

GORDON THE GOAT by Munro Leaf. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, \$1.00.

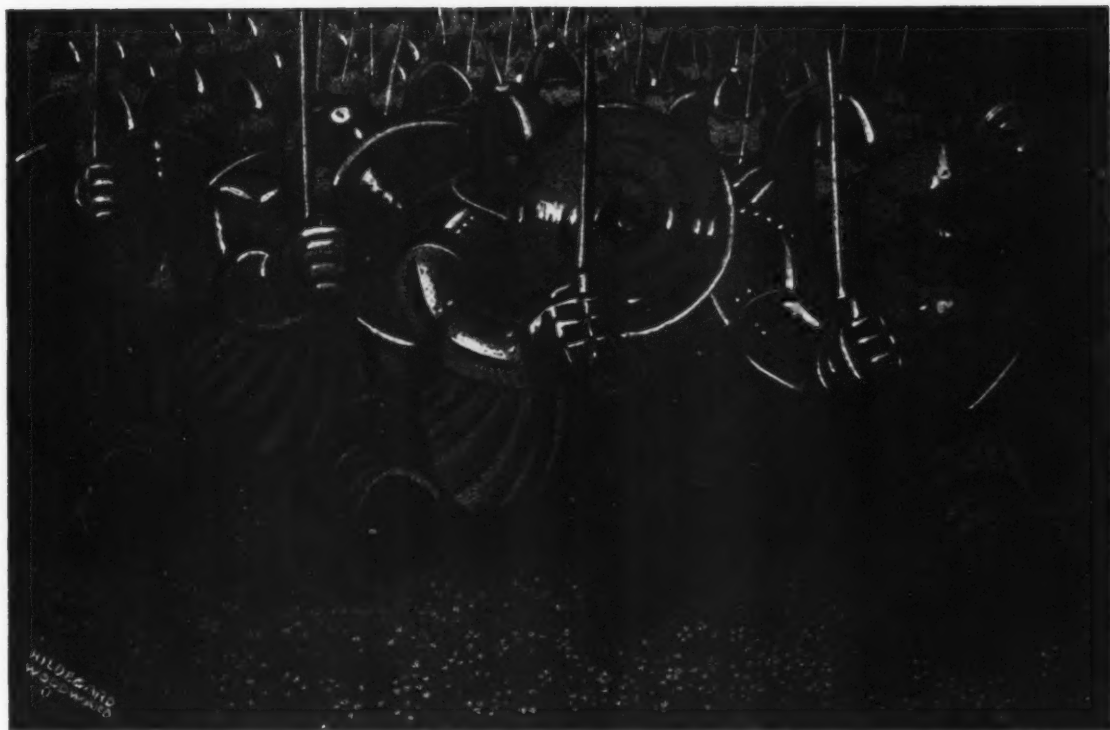
Gordon was an animal who got caught in a disaster; in fact, Gordon was a goat who found himself sucked into a cyclone.

Even before this happened,

Gordon had become increasingly disgusted with following the lead goat around without rhyme or reason. But the cyclone helped Gordon make up his mind: from then on he decided to think for himself.

This is the main point and plot of the story, and it is written simply enough and printed in big enough type for a first-grader to enjoy. But anyone who liked "Ferdinand the Bull" will find "Gordon the Goat" amusing, too.





Holger thought the lemmings must be a goblin-like people, helmeted, and with bayonets in their hands

Strange Army

LAURA BENÉT

Illustrations by Hildegard Woodward

SPRING was on the way in Norway, yet it was still bitter cold. Young Holger, who had been drowsing beside the tile stove, was all at once very alert. A word had been dropped by one of those seated in the circle of the grateful heat; a word like a sharply flung pebble to start rings widening in the still pool of his mind. That word was "Lemmings."

His tall, bearded Uncle Karl repeated it in a harassed tone. "Yes, lemmings," he said. "There are rumors of a migration this year. Soon our gardens and farms will be laid waste. We may expect the cattle to be walking in the streets of our towns. What is to become of the pastures? This army of lemmings is tremendous. Tremendous."

Holger wriggled nearer to his uncle's feet. He did not know what a lemming was. But once on an evening like this, his old grandfather had spoken of a king that ruled over the lemmings. Holger's busy thoughts pictured them as a goblin-like people with hel-

metts on their heads and bayonets in their hands. Yes, and they must be pale and starving, else why would they dare to eat up the good pasture land? What was a race like that ate grass and raw grain?

"They are voracious," his uncle's steady voice continued. "Overcrowded on the fells, they come down to the lower levels in countless numbers. They march only by night. Their line of march is a survival of the old times when there was dry land over the Baltic Sea. . . ."

All at once his mother's pleasant tones broke in upon the conversation. "To bed, Holger," she said, before he had a chance to ask Uncle Karl about the advancing army. He would inquire tomorrow at school. Nevertheless he went upstairs shivering a little.

Unfortunately his teacher, Früken Johansen, was deaf in one ear.

"Please," said Holger, approaching her desk at recess, "what *are* lemmings?"

"Lemons?" She inclined her better ear toward him.

"No, Früken Johannsen," he shouted, "lemmings."

"Ah, yes—lemmings. Yes, indeed." The teacher nodded her gray head wisely. "They are said to be back again. Tormenting. Once in so many years they come, eating up everything."

But here at the most exciting part of the story she was interrupted. The shrill voice of another child asked about a lesson.

But Holger Brandt would in no case have waited longer. He darted off to the playground, convinced now about the lemmings. They were an army of strange soldiers. Already in his mind's eye he saw the word, Lemming, upon a raised shield, saw it blazoned upon a flag. So great and splendid and terrifying must they be. And strong men had large appetites.

Holger watched steadily for signs of cows in the streets of Veddervik as he went to school. His family's farm lay well on the outskirts of the town. As yet there seemed no danger from an invading army. Since his Uncle Karl had been called away on business, there was no chance to ask him further questions.

Days were lengthening, evenings growing lighter, and Holger almost forgot the lemmings in taking long gallops on his pony. But one afternoon his little sister, Lisa, was discovered to have a high fever. Since it was a half holiday, the farmhands had gone off early. Holger's father had not come home.

There were no automobiles in Veddervik.

"Take the pony, my boy, and ride for Dr. Tieck," said his worried mother, coming downstairs in search of him. "Go across our fields. When you reach the very farthest meadows bordering on the sea, you will see a little road to the right. The doctor's house is the seventh on that road. Ask him to ride back with you at once."

An important mission! Holger felt quite like a man. His pony, Knude, was standing, saddled and ready, in the stable, and he mounted him swiftly. There was a beaten path he knew—a short cut through his father's pastures. For a little while the pony

went along briskly and happily. Then, all at once, he seemed to go suddenly mad with fright. Rearing and plunging with rolling eyes, he sent poor Holger over his head into the bumpy rut of a furrow.

When the stunned boy picked himself up and got hold of the bridle again, he felt that his feet were not steady. The grassy soil beneath them was full of moving objects. What had come over this familiar ground? Bogies, surely. Perhaps the elves and trolls of Hans Andersen's tales were carrying off the grass to line their background caverns. Holger clung to his pony in blank terror, then remembered that he was to hurry. It was no use trying to mount Knude. But by much coaxing, the pony finally allowed his master to lead him slowly along.



Holger forced himself to pick up one of the moving objects

Presently Holger stooped and forced himself to pick up one of the moving objects that were making the field come alive. He dropped it with a startled shriek. It was a yellowish-brown rat four or five inches long, with a short tail, small ears and furry feet. What was more it seemed to have hundreds of mates scurrying through the meadow. Where they passed, the field was rapidly shorn of grass and roots, mowed down by little, sharp teeth. Where were these creatures moving to; where were they going?

To the boy creeping forward in the gathering twilight, the whole scene seemed awful and unreal. But, on he went, hauling the

stumbling pony after him. And the procession of tiny animals kept surging in the same direction, nearer and nearer the cliff meadows bordering on the Baltic Sea. Looking down at the small bodies under his very feet, trying not to tread or crush them beneath his pony's hoofs, Holger felt as if he were walking in a nightmare. At long last the breeze from the water tickled his cheeks. They were nearing the sea. Soon he could gallop along the dirt road that led to the doctor's home. But, before he left the fields, something made him stop and look back. Oh, what a sight! The advance guard of the army of little animals had finally reached the meadow's edge. Here the waters of the Baltic lay darkly blue beneath the rocks. Splish! Splash! Splish-splash. Though the sound was gentle, Holger gazed in horror. The whole procession of rats was going over the cliffside into the cold water. In a straight line they came to the cliff's edge and went over it into the sea. All he could dimly see were many, many furry bodies, swimming. He peered down at the number of them already moving in the depths below him, but could not count. Instead, he and the pony began suddenly to run toward the dirt road.

How lucky that Dr. Tieck was at his house when Holger thumped and banged on the door. The good doctor took his hat in answer to the breathless message and went out to get his horse.

"No, no, not that way, Doctor!" cried Holger, as they turned towards the fields. "Please let us ride through the town. Father's meadows are full of some strange small beast that is drowning itself."

The doctor looked up, interested. "Is it so?" he said. "I heard the lemmings were coming. My own cows have been coming in early."

"Lemmings! But I thought. . ."

"Yes," continued Dr. Tieck, beginning to trot his horse. "Lemmings are a kind of arctic rat. Very curious little things. Once, in from five to twenty years or more, they come down from the Lapland mountains. On their march they eat up the herbage on farms and pastures. Then at last, if not destroyed by bigger animals, they take to the water. But where they finally go or what becomes of them, nobody knows. But be glad you saw them, Holger Brandt. Your hair may have snow in it like mine before they come again. Old legends say they are a lost tribe."

"Could I have brought one home-for a pet?" the boy inquired eagerly.

"I think it would have run away. It comes of a wandering race, as I said. What did you think lemmings were?"

"Soldiers—from another country."

Dr. Tieck chuckled. "Perhaps they are. Only brave warriors would march over a cliff into the sea and swim for an unknown shore. You went ahead on your errand instead of turning back—and so you saw the lemmings. Many Norse folk will never see them."

"But where do they go?"

"Ah whither? That is the question." The doctor smiled. "That you must ask of the waves and the pasture."

Holger pondered over this crisis in his life. As they took their horses through the village, they saw the other side of the picture. Herds of wandering cattle were beginning to stray into the streets, driven in by lack of green grass. The riders could barely squeeze a way through them.

But at last the Brandt farm was reached and all anxiety about the little sister was set at rest. The next morning she was better. Of course; since her stout, nine-year-old brother had braved the whole lemming army to go for help!

S. O. S. !

Remember the National Children's Fund purchase of medical kits for children in Yugoslavia, Greece and Belgium reported in the January NEWS? Since then, \$35,000 from the Fund has been used to buy the same kind of kits for children in Norway. Each medicine chest will bear a large Junior Red Cross label, saying that the gift has been made possible by voluntary contributions of American Junior Red Cross members.

Arrangements had no sooner been made for the gift for Norwegian boys and girls than another S. O. S. came in to Headquarters. The

S. S. Gripsholm was sailing to make an exchange of German and United States prisoners of war and civilian internees. On the return trip there would be many children, and time would hang heavily on their hands. Could the Junior Red Cross supply something to amuse them? Right away, \$400 was appropriated from the National Children's Fund to buy toys and books and games. Added to these were soft toys and games already on hand in Red Cross warehouses. So, thanks to you, the children returning from the war zones will have a lot of fun.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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NO. 6

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.

Sap, Syrup and Sugar

We have been wanting a maple sugar cover for NEWS readers for sometime, and that is why we asked Ilonka Karasz to do one for this issue. We are glad that she put in the ox-teams hauling the sap; you can still see ox-teams at work in New England and elsewhere in this country just as in pioneer days. Shortly after we asked Miss Karasz to do the cover we discovered the following letter in an intersectional school correspondence album prepared by the Seventh Grade of Crane-Wonalancet School in Wonalancet, New Hampshire:

Dear Friends,

In Wonalancet, there are many sugar maple trees which we tap in March for the sap. We make maple syrup and sugar out of it, which are very useful now because of the sugar rationing.

We start getting ready for sapping the middle of February. First there must be a sap house with a big stove and pan to boil the sap. Some houses are put up and taken down each year, while others stay up the year round. There must also be a big pile of wood for the stove.

Then the buckets and spiles must be made ready. Spiles are spouts which are put into holes in the tree to let the sap run out. A bucket is hung on each spile.

When the buckets are full, the sap is collected. If it is a warm day, the sap has to be

collected often. To have a good season, there must be warm days and below freezing at night.

To make the syrup we put the sap in a long pan on a stove, boil out the water until the syrup is the right thickness. It must be put through a thick felt before it is put into the cans to sell. It takes thirty-five to forty gallons of sap to make one gallon of syrup.

Besides making maple syrup, sugar is made from sap. The sap has to be boiled much longer and then stirred until sugar crystals are formed. The sugar is put in little pans to harden into cakes. Sapping has started early this year. Would you like to make sugar with us?

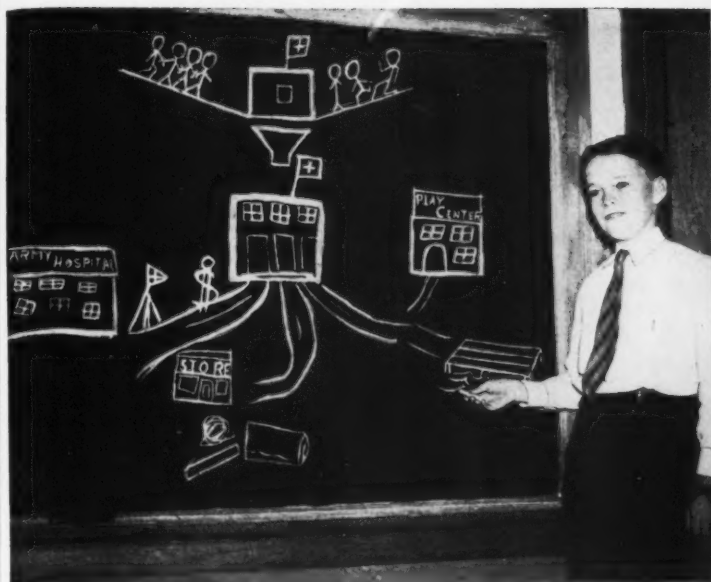
Sincerely yours,
The Seventh Grade

Mulberry Bark

This issue also features another tree product—the tapa cloth, on pages 124-125, which is made by South Sea islanders from the inner bark of the paper mulberry tree. They plant these trees for this especial purpose, and the young trees grow so fast that they can be cut down in a year or two after planting. The island women then scrape off the outer bark with shells, and soak the inner bark in sea water. The next step is to pound the bark until it spreads to four or five times its natural size. Several big pieces are pasted together, and the art work then begins. In some of the islands logs are carved with the patterns desired, covered with dye and rolled over the cloth. This is really a form of printing press. The clever peoples of the South Seas were thus on the way to developing both paper and printing. In other islands the dyes were block printed or painted on the cloth.

Tapa cloth is still used in houses in Fiji and Samoa and other islands, for screens, curtains, table and chest covers, and on important occasions for clothing. Many of our men stationed in the South Pacific are sending home souvenirs made of tapa.

The strips of tapa cloth on pages 124 and 125 are reproduced from a beautiful panel sent by Junior Red Cross members in Samoa to a school on the mainland of these United States. Several of the Samoan islands are part of the United States. Alfred Campbell's story about "Tutu and the Sergeant" is based on his own knowledge of the South Pacific gained when he served down there recently as an American Red Cross Field Director.



COURTESY OF THE OKLAHOMA CITY TIMES

Ideas to help the American Red Cross War Fund drive: A "chalk-talk" like the one above, made by Bath Grade School member of Oklahoma City; a red cross, right, woven to hang in the George Rogers Clark School, Whiting, Indiana



Your Part in the 1945 War Fund

Every man and woman, every boy and girl in every American Red Cross chapter must get to work right away if the Red Cross War Fund goal of \$200,000,000 is to be met. Junior Red Cross members are not permitted to ring doorbells and ask for contributions. But there's a very important thing they *can* do: They can spread far and wide the news of what the Red Cross is doing at home and abroad. Study the next two pages and the back cover; then tell your family and friends what their contributions to the Red Cross War Fund make possible. Here, too, are a few ideas from Junior Red Cross members:

Lehigh Co., Allentown, Pa.: Seventh and eighth-graders made a survey of local restaurants, hotels and service clubs and offered to supply table decorations for use during the War Fund Drive. When orders came in, sixth-graders made hundreds of "table tents" (six-inch red crosses made from two thicknesses of construction paper so as to stand alone), and "sandwich picks" (double one-inch crosses topping toothpicks). Junior Red Cross members made deliveries.

Westchester Co., N. Y.: Every apartment house in the chapter area was supplied with a "War Fund Thermometer," designed by members in the William Wilson Junior High School. A sliding mercury, based in a red cross, rose toward the 100 per cent mark.

"Give Till It Helps" was the slogan across the top. Westchester members also designed posters, arranged window displays, and made 8 x 10 Red Cross flags to be flown from autos.

Terre Haute, Ind.: Ten members of the Junior Red Cross Bicycle Corps delivered 5,400 handbills to individual homes.

Shamokin, Pa.: Red Cross flag standards were made for all flagpoles on Main Street.

Pulaski Co., Ark.: Junior Red Cross Council sponsored a Parade of Posters, made in art classes; thirty or more were used in downtown stores. Twenty-three members were on hand to help at the War Fund office. Talks or skits were presented at twenty P.T.A. meetings.

Montclair, N. J.: Members wrote original letters which they took home to their parents, urging them to give to the War Fund. Kindergarteners cut out a red cross and pasted it on a white background as a reminder to their fathers and mothers. Fourth-graders designed a revolving disc which, as it turned, pictured different services of the Red Cross.

Detroit, Mich.: Boys and girls prepared charts showing progress of War Fund drive; designed murals and room decorations showing Red Cross activities; gave chalk talks.

Durham, N. H.: Members served as messengers at War Fund time. There is no newspaper in the town, so Junior Red Cross members distribute all Red Cross notices.



AMERICAN
RED CROSS
PHOTOS
LEFT AND
TWO AT RIGHT
BY JERRY WALLER

Wounded soldiers in a tent evacuation hospital in France welcome American Red Cross worker distributing magazines, cigarettes, candy. American Red Cross workers at home and abroad have helped over 1,300,000 hospital cases during past year



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO BY OLLIE ATKINS

Above, crew of the Army hospital train, visible through window, catch coffee and doughnuts between runs at the American Red Cross Ranger Club, Paris. Below, U. S. prisoners in German prison camp. Food packages make up a large percentage of the 20 million parcels sent captured servicemen by the American Red Cross



American Red Cross aide and GI patients work jigsaw puzzle at a hospital in France

Cheer

THE Army and Navy see to it that our sick and wounded men have the best possible medical care. But by congressional charter the American Red Cross provides hospital social workers to help solve patients' personal problems as well as recreation workers to plan parties and games, movies and entertainments in hospital wards and recreation rooms. The Red Cross trains thousands of volunteers, too, who serve in military hospitals day in and day out. More men have been captured in this war than ever before. Every prisoner receives an American Red Cross "capture parcel" containing pajamas, socks, underwear and comfort articles. Prisoner of War food packages are distributed weekly in Europe and as often as possible in the Far East. Each box is filled with foods which supplement prison diets. Seeds are sent so that men can grow their own vegetables, and special Red Cross cookbooks show the prisoners how to make the most of what they have. Medicine kits are supplied regularly, too.



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO BY EMIL REYNOLDS

GI patients on an American Red Cross tour in China



American Red Cross girls entertain GIs in France from the stage of a Red Cross cinemobile



American Red Cross Field Director at Randolph Field, Texas, delivers an important message to a crew member preparing a plane for flight

For Yanks

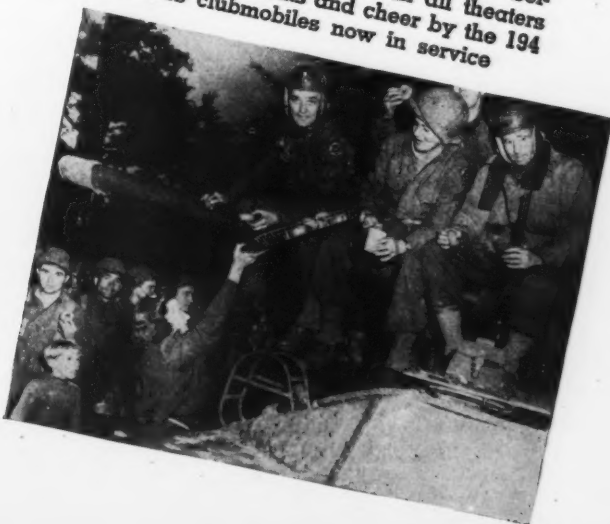
WHETHER he's stationed deep in the jungles of New Guinea or on the rocky slopes of Italy, whether he's just back from a mission over Tokyo or has spent endless days in a foxhole in France, our fighting men know this: *The American Red Cross is at his side.* Jeeps, train cabooses or cub planes carry hot doughnuts and coffee, magazines and cigarettes, new records and library books to men in out-of-the-way places. Fun and recreation may be had for the taking at Red Cross clubs in leave areas. Some, as in London, are like big hotels and men can enjoy American cooking and read hometown papers. Others, such as one set up in the early days on Leyte, may be simple grass huts. But friendly Red Cross workers know how to give any spot a touch of home. Men weary from battle action enjoy plenty of sleep and recreation in quiet country spots where the Red Cross operates rest homes. The GI has learned, too, that the Red Cross Field Director wants to help with personal problems.—M. C. W.



Above, while an American Red Cross worker was busy sketching portraits for servicemen to send home from France, this Army engineer turned tables by drawing her caricature. Below, American Red Cross girl serves doughnuts to a tank crew somewhere in France. Soldiers stationed at out-of-the-way spots in all theaters of war are brought refreshments and cheer by the 194 American Red Cross clubmobiles now in service



Saipan GIs get magazines from American Red Cross



Ideas on the March



IT'S TIME to talk about Christmas—1945! Because if our servicemen overseas are to receive American Junior Red Cross Christmas Decoration Units on time, you must start working right away. In 1944 the units went to such faraway places as China, Burma, India, Canada, Alaska, the Southwest Pacific and other Pacific Ocean areas, Great Britain, France, Italy, North Africa, the Middle East, Newfoundland, Greenland, Iceland, South America and the Caribbean. Red Cross workers made sure that the decorations reached hospitalized servicemen and those in isolated outposts. This year National Headquarters will have for distribution an attractive illustrated pamphlet, full of ideas. There are changes in the contents of the units for Christmas 1945, and your Junior Red Cross Chairman will be glad to get a copy of the pamphlet for you. Last year we had lots more requests for these units than Junior Red Cross members could make. Get an early start, and make sure that this year no man overseas will be without Christmas "fixings" from the American Junior Red Cross. There's no telling when the war in both Pacific and Atlantic will end, and, anyhow, there will probably be many men stationed overseas for some time after the cessation of hostilities.



TO RAISE MONEY for their Junior Red Cross Service Fund, first-graders in Yonkers, New York, presented a circus. The children made their own costumes. There were five musicians, prancing horses, caged lions, jumping dogs, perfect clowns and the traditional ringmaster. The price of admission was the purchase of peanuts—sold at a penny a bag. That's not much, but the profit was clear! Boys and girls in the class had supplied the peanuts.

A white elephant sale was planned by members, in Rochester, New York. They made articles from leather, wood and other materials. They collected and repaired old toys, fixed up clothing to look clean and fresh, painted flower pots, and so on. The articles were exhibited in two of the basement rooms of the school with teachers and pupils acting as salesmen. Mothers and fathers of the

neighborhood, as well as pupils, were customers.

In Cedarhurst, New York, the Junior Red Cross Council of P. S. #3 discussed plans for raising money. They came out with a lot of ideas, which brought in the sum of \$134.12. Some members held cake and candy sales; others pooled books for a lending library service. A fifth-grader earned \$3.00 by making and selling party favors. A sixth-grader had a musical and invited parents and teachers. A seventh-grade sponsored a benefit play and presented it in the school auditorium. Ten cents admission was charged. A fifth-grade held an after-school carnival which included magic, acrobatics, fortunetelling, games, a puppet show and movies.



DURING THE LAST YEAR the American Red Cross has been on the job in 259 disasters, providing emergency shelter, food, clothing and otherwise helping persons in the damaged areas. Some section of the United States is "blitzed" on an average of every third day by natural or man-made disasters—tornadoes, floods, explosions, fires, transportation wrecks and so on. When spring floods struck in the Midwest, Junior Red Cross members in eleven states sent quantities of toys and scrapbooks to Red Cross refugee centers. In Richmond County, Virginia, the Junior Red Cross received an S.O.S. from the acting disaster nurse and right away took toys to a three-year-old colored child who had lost a sister and brother following a local disaster. The little girl herself was in the hospital, severely injured, and her parents were too far away to come to see her. Two pupils in a one-room school in Surry, New Hampshire (which, by the way, is very active in Junior Red Cross), lost their home and nearly everything they owned when fire destroyed their home. Junior Red Cross members in the school gave the girls dresses, sweaters, handkerchiefs, socks, toothbrushes, tooth powder and combs. Other townspeople donated money, furniture and clothing and helped to work on the house that the family was to live in. And of course the local American Red Cross chapter helped.

The National Children's Fund is sending educational supplies and other gifts to chil-



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS

dren in war-affected areas, as you know. But did you know that back in 1928 when the Mississippi floods caused such great damage, fellow-members overseas helped boys and girls in the United States? Polish children, 130,000 of them, collected 6,534.06 *zlotys* which they converted into dollars—more than \$1,900. A check was received from the Bulgarian Junior Red Cross and Russian refugees in Bulgaria went without their meager breakfasts for a whole week so as to save money to help United States children affected by the floods.



HERE IS A LETTER which the Assistant Red Cross Field Director at the Station Hospital in Camp Shelby, Mississippi, wrote to Erie, Pennsylvania, members last spring: "The St. Patrick's Day favors and carnival hats are the nicest we have ever had. A big St. Patrick's Day has been planned for the 17th. We are having a party in the Recreation Hall for all patients who are up and about, and then separate parties in the wards where the boys cannot get out of bed. There will be refreshments of green ice cream, green lemonade and white cake. It will be a regular Irish day with singing of Irish songs, and potato races, and all sorts of things pertaining to St. Patrick's Day celebration. Please tell all the Junior Red Cross members how much our boys appreciated them."

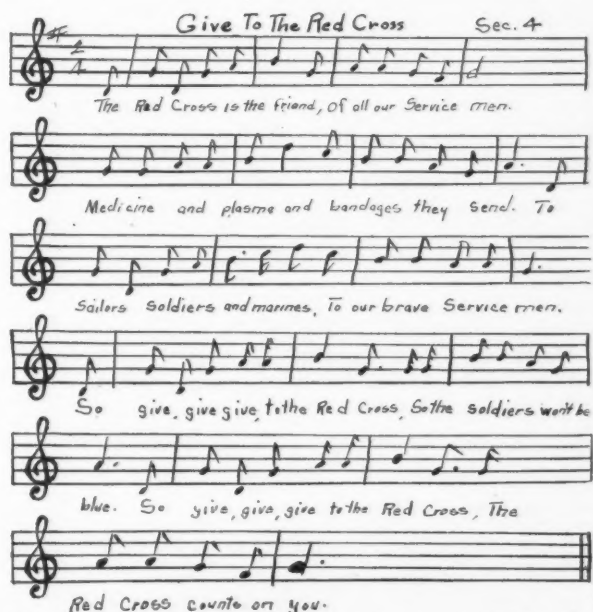


THIS YEAR Easter comes just two weeks after St. Patrick's Day. Last year Springfield, Massachusetts, members made colonial bouquets as Easter favors for the Home for Aged Women. The flowers were woven of bright-colored yarn. Small paper doilies were used to give the appearance of a real spring bouquet. Buffalo, New York, members made rabbit, duck and chicken cutouts, and dressed them in Easter outfits. All cutouts were painted with bright water colors. They were sent to young patients in Children's Hospital. For many years, Junior Red Cross members in Boston, Massachusetts, kindergartens have made Easter gifts for children in hospitals. One letter of thanks said, "We found so many pretty things—and how you managed to include something for so many different ages we cannot imagine. A smiling baby grasped a crayon bird, an older boy a pretty pinwheel, and a dignified little miss of 8 or 9 selected a beautiful new purse!"



RED CROSS PHOTO BY PETER SEKAER

Junior Red Cross members of Kensington School, Great Neck, Long Island, start early on Christmas Units which must be shipped to GIs abroad a half year ahead



Above, American Red Cross song composed by the Fourth Grade, Mitchell School, Denver, Colorado



PHOTO BY SAMUEL KRAVITT

Junior Red Cross members of New Haven, Connecticut, stacking for use in case of disaster the 500 Red Cross cots and blankets they have stencilled



WAR ON WASTE



COMMUNITY SERVICE



NATIONAL
CHILDREN'S FUND



SCHOOL
CORRESPONDENCE



ALL SUMMER Juan had been wanting to make a visit to Aunt Sophie's and Uncle Pedro's, and after much coaxing Mamá Rosita had said he might go. She also said he could take along the little *Americano*.

Paul, instead of being happy about the invitation, shook his head. "I'm afraid I can't go, Juan. You know how particular Mother is about me."

"But," explained Juan, "we'll come back *mañana*."

To both Paul's and Juan's surprise, Paul's mother decided he might go.

And that's how Paul, Juan, and Pablo, the donkey, found themselves on the road leading to Uncle Pedro's farmhouse.

The day was warm and still, and everything, including the bright-eyed lizards, appeared to be taking a long siesta. It was not until the little road came out on the large highway that Juan suddenly came to life.

"This is the road that goes to Mexico City, Paul," he declared.

Paul sat up, rubbing his eyes. "Is it far away, Juan?"

"I don't know," replied Juan, and his voice was very serious. "I only know that my papá told me you followed the big road to the great city."

"I wish we could go there, Juan." A tear glistened in Paul's eye.

The Mexican boy nodded his head earnestly. "So do I, Paul; then you could be made well."

Suddenly Pablo lifted his head and looked about; then, almost running, he turned down the big highway.

"Hey! Look!" cried Paul.

The Three Miracles

Catherine Blanton

Pictures by Leo Politi

Part II

"Pablo thinks we should go."

"*Si, si!*" exclaimed Juan.

So, whether it was the fault of the donkey, or the tear in Paul's eye, or the words of the old, old man that caused them to keep on going, no one ever knew. But Pablo's tiny hoofs never turned back, and Juan and Paul didn't try to stop him.

"I'll get off and walk," said Juan.

"But won't you get terribly tired?" asked Paul.

Juan wiped his perspiring face. "Sure. I'm tired right now. But if Pablo has to carry us both, he'll have to go that much slower and maybe get a stubborn spell and not want to go at all." He looked up into Paul's face and grinned teasingly. "When we come back, you may do the walking, Paul, and I shall ride Pablo."

The great gray road, like a ball of string, unwound itself over sharp hills and silent valleys—on and on. To the tired boys it seemed to have no beginning, no end.

Then they turned a curve and to their surprise they could see the great city in the distance. Paul's back ached with the continual sway of Pablo's fat body, and his head throbbed from the glare of the sun. Juan had fallen behind, and Pablo,



lifting weary feet, dragged slowly onward. There were others going to and fro on the road, but no one paid any attention to two tired boys and a donkey.

Just inside the city was a lovely park of green trees and in its center a fountain. Without a word from Juan, Pablo drew up before it and dipped his long nose into the cool water, drinking long and gratefully. And Juan and Paul did the same.

"We can sleep under those," said Juan, pointing to some bushes.

"All right," replied Paul wearily.

Without another word, Juan pulled the bridle off Pablo, and crawled under the bushes. Paul lay down beside him, and soon even Pablo was stretched out, snoring loudly.

They awakened feeling cold. The sun was shining brightly, and already people were up and about.

Paul looked at Juan and smiled. "We must have slept all night."

Juan stretched his arms high over his head. "Yes, and I'm starved."

It was not long before the park was full of people carrying tables and trays on their heads with good things to eat. Paul felt in his pocket and smiled. "Look, Juan," he cried. "I'd forgotten all about the money Daddy gave me. We—we can buy some breakfast."

So they stopped one of the men with a table, and picked out some warm cakes.

"Mmmm, Mmmm," said Paul happily.

After the cakes had disappeared, Juan said, "Now, let's go find the church." But when they went to get Pablo, they found he was lame.

"Poor Pablo!" said Juan, "He has a stone bruise. Look at his ankle."

"Is he really badly hurt?" asked Paul.

"No, but he must not walk today."

"You mean," gasped Paul, "we can't go to the church?"

"Not today, *amigo*. Maybe *mañana*."

Paul's face showed his disappointment.

"Come on, let's take a look at the things in the market over there," suggested Juan.

"And maybe buy everyone a present to take back?" asked Paul.

Grinning, Juan pulled his empty pockets inside out.

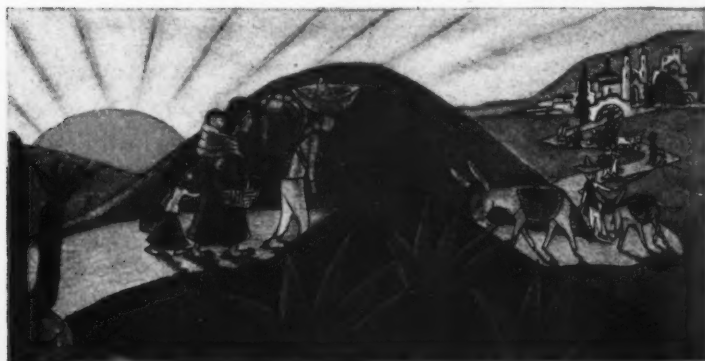
"Oh, that," said Paul. "I have enough money for all. Shall we get some of those piggy banks for the girls?"

From one stall to the other they went. But it was hard choosing the right thing for the others, especially since there was so much to choose from. Suddenly Juan noticed the shadows were getting long.

Slowly the city quieted down again. The park was still except for the water splashing in the fountain. Juan and Paul bought *tacos* and bananas for their supper and a cup of corn for Pablo. Then they crawled under the bushes, bid each other "*Buenos noches*" and in a moment were asleep.

They never knew how long they had slept when they were suddenly awakened by voices and a bright light flashing across the grass of the park.

"This is the donkey all right,"



said a man's voice. "The boys must be close around."

"It's Daddy," whispered Paul in surprise. Then Paul called: "Here we are, Daddy."

The taller of the men came running over. He kneeled down on the grass and pulled Paul into his arms. "Paul, are you all right?"

The other man came up. "Are these the boys, *señor*?"

"Yes, and thank you very much for helping me find them," said Paul's daddy. "Now we've got to hurry home."

"Home?" cried Paul in alarm. "And not go to the church?"

"Why, what do you want to go to the church for, son?"

It was Juan who hurriedly answered: "Oh, the Blessed Virgin is going to heal him, *señor*. Please, we must go."

"And is that why you came here instead of going to Uncle Pedro's?" asked Paul's daddy.

"Yes," whispered Juan.

Then Paul's daddy reached over and pulled Juan into his arms, too. "I'm afraid we can't go to the church this time, boys," he said, "for I must hurry back to the mine as soon as possible. Both your mothers are nearly sick from worry about you; so we must lose no time in letting them know you are safe. Some other time we shall visit the church. Come on now and hop in the car, and we'll be home in a few hours."

"But what about Pablo?" cried Juan. "He can't ride in the car."

"Well, I'll be!" exclaimed Paul's daddy. "I'd forgotten about him. We'll have to buy a trailer some place." Turning to the other man, he said: "Do you think you could help me get one at this

hour of the night? Is there a chance?"

The other man smiled. "*Si, Señor*, I'll try." And fortunately he succeeded.

Many times Juan had wanted to ride in the *Americano's* fine car. Soon it was happening. He lay comfortably back against the cushions, watching the trees and houses flash by, and not for a moment would he allow himself to think of what Mamá Rosita was going to do and say to him when he got home. He felt sure she would have two sticks behind her back this time.

Before he knew it the car stopped in his own yard. The door flew open. And out ran Mamá Rosita, Papá Manuel, the six daughters, Aunt Sophie, Uncle Pedro, and Paul's mother. Everyone wanted to talk, and no one wanted to listen.

And instead of Mamá Rosita being cross and having a stick behind her back, she was kissing Juan and saying what a fine boy he was to bring the little *Americano* home safely.

After a time Paul's father and mother said they must be leaving, but Mamá Rosita would have none of it.

"No, no," she cried, and her big fat face was wreathed in smiles. "We shall have a fiesta right now and celebrate the *muchachos'* return." Then she asked Aunt Sophie to start making the *tortillas*. "This is going to be one grand, big fiesta," she exclaimed.

The long table was spread under the trees of the patio. Papá Manuel rose from his seat at the head of the table, and smiling on those about him, suddenly burst forth: "*Viva Mexico! Viva America!*" With another shout the others joined in waving their handkerchiefs over their heads, as is the custom in Mexico.

Then Papá Manuel blushed a deep red and sat down again, and that seemed to be the signal to start eating.

Never before had there been such a feast as Mamá Rosita and the six girls placed on that table. Everyone laughed and ate as never before.

When they were all quite full and drowsy, someone suddenly remembered to ask: "But why did you *muchachos* want to go to the city?"

Juan answered: "So that Paul might be healed by the Blessed Virgin."

"But what puzzles me is how you ever got there," said Paul's daddy.

"I rode on Pablo," said Paul, "and Juan walked."

"What?" Mamá Rosita looked from one boy to the other. "You mean that lazy Juan walked all the way to the city?"

"Sure he did," Paul replied proudly.

"I can't believe it," gasped Aunt Sophie.

Paul turned to face Juan. "I'm sorry I took your little black goat, and I want you to have him back. You can have my new red truck, too."

Juan looked very happy indeed. "*Muchas gracias*, but I don't want the little *chivo negro*. He is yours, Paul."

"But you will take my red truck?"

Smiling, Juan replied: "Of course, Paul, if you want me to."

No one spoke for a moment until Juan with a long sigh said: "But we didn't get to go to the Virgin's church, and there was no miracle."

"Si, but there was," cried Mamá Rosita, wiping the tears from her eyes.

Paul's mother smiled and nodded. "I think there were two of them."

"Two?" cried Juan and Paul.



It was one grand, big fiesta. Everyone laughed and talked at once

Then Mamá Rosita said: "I think the Blessed Virgin has made my lazy Juan into an industrious boy."

And Paul's mother said: "And my selfish boy into a generous one."

"Ah," said Uncle Pedro, smiling jovially, "I think there have been three miracles."

Everyone looked at Uncle Pedro. "Three?" they cried.

"Yes," said Uncle Pedro. "A stubborn donkey could never have gotten as far as Mexico City. So surely a miracle has happened to Pablo, too."

Then Juan and Paul glanced at each other and nodded their heads. "That's right, Uncle Pedro," declared Juan. "He never stopped all the way."

"So——" Uncle Pedro's voice was like a deep bell, and his booming laugh echoed over the mountains—"instead of one miracle we have three."

And everyone began laughing and talking at once.



◀American Red Cross clubmobile girl gives doughnuts to liberated French children as well as to GIs. Chinese child ▶ tries a piece of American candy. In October, 1944, the American Red Cross flew over the "Hump" from India to China 56 tons of medical supplies for civilian use



People In Need

GI Joe, wounded and in a hospital, received a letter weeks ago saying that his little boy was very sick. Weeks passed and there was no further word. GI Joe was pretty worried. So he took his problem to an American Red Cross Field Director who wired the man's hometown Red Cross chapter. A Home Service worker visited the family, consulted the doctor, and wired back a report—"All is well." From the day he got that message, GI Joe started to get better. During the last year, 3,500,000 servicemen and their families have been given Red Cross assistance. And it works both ways—there are just about as many inquiries from families about the welfare and location of men overseas as there are from servicemen about their families.

HOME FRONT: Home Service worker helps serviceman's family ▶

Civilian war relief work of the American Red Cross extends around the globe. Men, women and children in forty-one countries have received garments, hospital equipment, medicine and food during the past five years. Suppose every person in the states of Texas, California, New York, Illinois and Michigan were bombed out, starving or sick. That is the number of suffering human beings—more than 40,000,000 of them—who were helped by Red Cross Foreign War Relief in the past year alone. In liberated areas, Red Cross workers help the Allied Military Government to distribute food and clothing through the national Red Cross societies and other agencies. For their work in Italy, eight American Red Cross civilian war relief workers have been awarded the Cross of Merit by the Order of Malta, a welfare organization founded back in the eighth century. Three of the workers were women—the first American women to receive this high honor. Through the International Committee of the Red Cross in Geneva, the American Red Cross gets messages through to civilians in occupied countries and in nations at war; it supplies civilian internees with food packages, toilet and comfort articles as well as clothing and medical supplies.



◀American Red Cross girl cheers Leyte war orphans. Young Filipinos brought to Army hospital in New Guinea are given toothbrushes, washcloths, towels, soap, toys. GI patient ▶ made sandals in American Red Cross craft shop for Leyte pal he is teaching piano







AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR



PARTNERS IN THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Telling the Story—Tell families and friends about the many kinds of service they share in through contributing to the American Red Cross War Fund.

Ways of telling the story: Original posters, living window exhibits, programs for parents, conversations at home, notes to friends

Keep a list of questions you hear about the work of the senior or junior American Red Cross. Make sure that you understand what the question is. Ask your school Junior Red Cross sponsor or your chapter Junior Red Cross chairman to help you find the answers. Make up speeches or reports based on the questions and answers.

A New Opportunity—Help prevent forest fires, woods fires and grass or range fires. Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman to get material for you from the special Red Cross chapter committee on prevention of forest fires. How is your part of the country affected? What are the dangers in spring?

Some ways to help: Find out the laws of your state and your town about burning off grass and underbrush. Find out from whom permits should be obtained and what



PARTNERS IN THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Sharing in Service—In how many service activities of your chapter does your school share through membership in the American Junior Red Cross?

Service to the Armed Forces—Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman what you can make for servicemen in hospitals, on hospital ships, hospital trains, hospital airplanes or for men overseas: puzzles for Junior Red Cross puzzle kits, games for game kits, booklets of comic strips, joke and cartoon books, crossword puzzles, maps. Ask your sponsor to find out what is needed, how the things are used and which items your grade can make successfully. Find out what your grade can make to help with the Christmas decoration units for overseas, or party favors for ships.

Make no gifts unless your Junior Red Cross chairman finds out that they are needed for servicemen or that they can be used in your own community.

Warring on Waste—Help conserve food and clothes so that all may have a fair share.

Talk over ways of helping all to have their fair share of food. *Some Ways:* Begin work on Victory Gardens. Plan to help with plant-

PARTNERS IN SERVICE AT HOME AND OVERSEAS

The War Fund of the American Red Cross makes it possible for junior members to share in many services. More than

about burning on grass and under brush. Find out from whom permits should be obtained and what precautions must be taken to prevent spread of fires.

Talk over good picnic sites in your community. What makes them good? Find out how to make arrangements to use them. Make a map of your town and mark picnic sites. Are permits needed for building picnic fires? How should bonfires be extinguished? Compose a code of good conduct or citizenship for picnickers: care of public and private property, cleaning up trash to avoid fire hazards. Leave unburned fuel stacked for the next comers.

YOUNG MEMBERS, GIVE A PLAY ABOUT PICNICS. SHOW WHY WE SHOULD MAKE WAR ON WASTE.

Find out how waste of forests, woods and grasslands affects soil erosion. What can be done to conserve wood and soil? Make a map of your state to show problems of conservation.

Conserving Life and Health—Interest grown-ups in the Blood Donor Service.

Conserve health through practicing good personal hygiene, eating well-balanced meals, learning junior First Aid, Water Safety and Accident Prevention (7th and 8th grades or junior high school).

The War Fund of the American Red Cross makes it possible for junior members to share in many services. More than 16,500 men and women are employed in Service to the Armed Forces. Through their service and that of millions of volunteers, recreation and other comforts are provided for servicemen and women in camp and base hospitals, in this country, on hospital ships, trains and airplanes, and to servicemen and women in every part of the earth

The War Fund makes possible many other services like the Blood Donor Service, recruiting of nurses, training of Nurse's Aides, Home Service for families of servicemen, packaging and shipping food and clothing to prisoners of war, classes in Home Nursing, Nutrition, First Aid, Water Safety and Accident Prevention.

1945 MARCH 1945						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Ways: Begin work on Victory Gardens. Plan to help with planting, care, harvest, and preservation of food.

Prevent waste of clothes through caring for what you have. Put outgrown clothes into clean, good condition for younger children. Have a War on Waste Easter clothes shop where good clothes that are not worn out can be traded or sold for a contribution to the American Red Cross War Fund.

Play fair about ceiling prices and other price controls. *Some reasons for preventing waste:* After active combat men usually have to have complete new outfits of clothes. Textiles, raw materials, and manufacturing industries are scarce or non-existent in occupied countries. Man power shortages reduce production of civilian clothes.

Begin a classroom book to keep a record of ways that your grade makes war on waste.

YOUNG MEMBERS, DRAW PICTURES TO SHOW THE WAR ON WASTE. DRAW A PICTURE OF A CHILD WHO TASTED AND WASTED. DRAW A PICTURE OF A GOOD GARDENER. MAKE UP YOUR OWN IDEAS FOR PICTURES.

For Easter—Make playthings for children in hospitals. Ask your Junior Red Cross sponsor or chairman to find out which kind of toys or materials help children to get well.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The March News in the School

Classroom Index

Art:

"Gathering Maple Syrup" (front cover)

Character Guidance and Citizenship:

"Hail and Farewell," "Tutu and the Sergeant," "Another Enemy to Conquer," "Your Part in the 1945 Red Cross War Fund," "Cheer for Yanks," "Ideas on the March," "The Three Miracles," "People in Need"

Geography:

Juan Fernandez Islands—"The Real Robinson Crusoe"

Mexico—"The Three Miracles"

Norway—"Strange Army"

Samoan Islands—"Tutu and the Sergeant"

United States—"Gathering Maple Syrup," "Tutu and the Sergeant," "Another Enemy to Conquer," "Animals in Flood Disasters," "Cheer for Yanks," "Ideas on the March," "People in Need"

Nature Study:

"Gathering Maple Syrup," "The Real Robinson Crusoe," "Another Enemy to Conquer," "Strange Army"

Literature:

"The Real Robinson Crusoe"

Primary Grades:

"The Three Miracles," "Tutu and the Sergeant," "Another Enemy to Conquer"

Units:

Animals and Pets—"The Real Robinson Crusoe," "Another Enemy to Conquer," "Animals in Flood Disasters," "Strange Army," "The Three Miracles"

Climate—"Tutu and the Sergeant," "The Real Robinson Crusoe," "Animals in Flood Disasters," "Strange Army"

Primitive Living—"The Real Robinson Crusoe," "Tutu and the Sergeant"

The American Red Cross

This issue of the *News* is focused on work of the Red Cross in which junior members share as partners. In "Hail and Farewell" Ellen McBryde Brown restates vividly the activating purposes underlying Red Cross work and the Junior Red Cross program. "Another Enemy to Conquer" introduces an important new opportunity for junior members to share in a current Red Cross responsibility. "Animals in Flood Disasters" recounts an appealing phase of conservation of life and property in Red Cross disaster relief operations. "Your Part in the 1945 Red Cross War Fund" gives an accounting to junior as well as senior members of work made possible by universal support. "Cheer for Yanks," "People in Need" and "S.O.S." are related to three specific wartime responsibilities of the Red Cross. "Ideas on the March," again focusing on War Fund, reports on outstanding activities. Many

of these features can be used as vital material in special geography study or in following current developments in the war. All are related to education in voluntary democratic cooperation.

Every service and division of the American Red Cross has an interest in the War Fund Campaign because through it all American citizens have a share in skilled services to armed forces as well as in continuing community and national services. Materials recounting accomplishments are available from local chapter Red Cross War Fund committees through Junior Red Cross chairmen.

The part that junior members have in the fund raising campaign itself is defined by the decision of local school administrators and boards of education. Emphasis is more often on participation in spreading understanding of how all citizens cooperate in Red Cross service as volunteers and through contributions.

An example of the way in which one school system used the War Fund Campaign as a lead into study and an outlet in service was contributed by the Montclair, New Jersey, Chapter. The Junior Red Cross chairman, Miss Grace Cowles, had the cooperation of Dr. Threlkeld, City Superintendent of Schools, who submitted the plan to his principals. Following their approval Miss Cowles invited the cooperation of Junior Red Cross teacher-sponsors. Teachers were left free to work the problem out in their own grades and classes in ways that would further their educational objectives. Activities of the primary and intermediate grades are reported in "Your Part in the 1945 War Fund." Besides the original work each pupil took home to his parents Red Cross circulars.

In junior high schools the project became a social studies one. Each class took up the story of the Red Cross. The chapter supplied as much Red Cross literature as possible both to students and teachers. The intensiveness of the activity varied from a mere mention of the campaign to a full week's study of the Red Cross culminating in an assembly program.

The complete cooperation on the part of the superintendent of schools, chapter administrators, the chapter War Fund committee, the Junior Red Cross chairman, teacher-sponsors and the junior members themselves made the study a success.

A New Play

A new Junior Red Cross play, "One Spring Day in the Forest," by Virginia E. Parker, has been mimeographed for primary grade members. It headlines such aims as war on waste, forest conservation, good picnic manners, and better human relations throughout the world. It is well written with engaging *dramatis personae*.

In Braille

Selections included in the braille edition this month are: from the *News* in braille grade 1½, "Hail and Farewell," "Tutu and the Sergeant," "Animals in Flood Disasters," "S.O.S.," "Ideas on the March"; from the *Journal* in braille grade 2, "J.R.C. of India in Wartime," "From a Kwajalein Foxhole," "These Boys Build Battleships," "Another Enemy to Conquer."

Developing Calendar Activities for March

A New Responsibility

The United States Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture has requested the American National Red Cross to assist in a program for prevention of forest fires. The Forest Service uses the term forest fires to include woods, brush, range and grass fires.

The American Red Cross had its first practice in disaster relief following a serious forest fire in Michigan in 1881. In 1910 another great fire in Minnesota destroyed extensive timber land and four villages, driving several thousand lumberjacks and homesteaders from their homes. The American Red Cross sent in nurses, medical help and wagon loads of supplies and after the emergency operation had been completed helped the victims to rebuild their homes and make a new start. Such early experiences in community organization have been extended through the years. Because forest fires usually affect fewer individuals than disasters like floods or hurricanes, relief needs have often been handled by chapters without the assistance of the national or area disaster relief staffs.

"Measures for Preventing Same"

Such responsibility is in line of duty imposed by the charter of the American Red Cross which includes this statement of obligation in addition to wartime duties: "To continue and carry on a system of national and international relief in time of peace and to apply the same in mitigating the sufferings caused by pestilence, famine, fire and floods and other great national calamities; and to devise and carry on measures for preventing the same."

The years of experience in community organization for disaster relief and the continual extension of Red Cross membership in 3748 chapters and 5785 branches give American Red Cross members unique opportunity to assist the Forest Service in tackling the perennial problem with new force.

That problem is made more dramatic because war has increased the drain on all national resources including wood. A loss from waste is shown up as inexcusable. Of the more than 210,000 forest fires occurring annually in our country, 190,000 are man-caused and preventable. The necessity of fighting forest fires that should have been prevented not only causes loss of material but draws manpower away from essential production.

Prevention of forest fires is also a vital part of post-war planning. Yearly, fires destroy the protection afforded by forests against seasonal floods. The floods not only cause serious property damage but result in soil erosion and loss of water that should be stored for irrigation or power. Deer, birds and other wild life are crippled and killed by the fires, and fish are destroyed because streams are polluted by wood ashes. Wild life suffers, too, from destruction of grass on which the animals feed and of brush and trees depended on for cover.

A Special Sub-committee

In order to give the most efficient cooperation a committee on prevention of forest fires has been set up at national and at area headquarters offices, with representatives from Disaster Relief, Junior Red

Cross, College Units, First Aid and Accident Prevention, and Public Relations. Chapter service also is represented on the area committee. Chapters have been asked to organize for the project by setting up a special sub-committee of Disaster Relief with representatives as indicated above.

Through the Junior Red Cross representative on this special committee in local chapters teachers can secure material for use in classes. A bibliography, *Material of Interest to Teachers*, Forest Service Bulletin No. 4203, will guide you to special publications appropriate for your own classes. There are, for many states, special guides to trees and information about the sectional conservation problem. The bulletin states:

"Teachers are requested not to ask individual pupils to write for publications."

"The most complete list of Forest Service publications is contained in Price List 43 'Forestry.'" This price list is free. On bulk orders of other publications the Superintendent of Documents is authorized to grant a 25% discount under the prices shown in the price list. "Persons desiring to buy publications should write direct to the Superintendent of Documents because the Forest Service is not authorized to sell them."

"Mimeographed material may be obtained free, while the supply lasts. Requests [for free material] should be directed to the Regional Forester whose territory includes the State of the applicant."

For schools enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross the simplest means of obtaining the material is to request it from the chapter Junior Red Cross chairman, who will obtain it from the special Red Cross chapter committee on prevention of forest fires.

The bulletin mentioned, No. 4203, includes, besides the list of Forest Service bulletins, lists of maps, lantern slides, photograph prints, motion picture films and names of commercial firms or organizations that have kits of wood samples for sale.

It is important that Junior Red Cross members become aware of individual and group responsibility before schools close in order to cooperate actively during vacation. Teachers, however, may want to plan for further classroom study next fall since that season is the time of greatest hazards in many sections of the country.

Relationship to Junior Red Cross Aims

Junior Red Cross members will find close relationships to their part in the Red Cross Accident Prevention and First Aid Services. They should also become aware of the Forest Fire Prevention program as an important and continuing part of their "War on Waste." Most important, they will find this activity opens significant new opportunities for understanding community organization and participating in community planning and action.

Through the Junior Red Cross magazines and through the special materials of the Forest Service their interest will be kept awake and deepened. In the coming spring and summer it should be given expression in positive behaviour related to wholesome recreation. Only by hobnobbing with Nature do we have a fair chance to learn good manners towards her and to practise them.